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A PILL for the DOCTOR:

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OR,

The TRIPLE WEDDING.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

AS PERFORMING

At the ROYALTY-THEATRE.

L O N D O N:

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1918

CHARACTERS.

Doctor Lotion,
Ben, a Sailor,
William,

Mr. REES.
Mr. BIRKETT.
Mr. MATHEWS.

A N D

Pestle, the Doctor's Man, Mr. WEWITZER.

Polly,
Lydia,

Miss WILLIAMS.
Miss E. WILLIAMS.

Dorothy, the Dr's Maid, Mrs. SAUNDERS.

A N D

Goody,

Mrs. BURNETT.

A PILL for the DOCTOR:

OR,

The TRIPLE WEDDING.

SCENE I. *A Village with the Doctor's House on one Side a Cottage on the other. Polly and her Mother coming out.*

RECITATIVE.

Polly. Pray, mother, do not scold me don't
I'll not have Doctor Lotion, that I won't.

Moth. How, Mistrefs Pert, I think you very bold.
The Doctor's rich.

Polly. ————— Yes, mother, but he's old.

A PILL FOR THE DOCTOR:

SONG. POLLY.

How wretched the fate of a maiden must be,
 Scarce out of her teens, ere she weds sixty-three :
 She knows not, poor creature ! what 'tis she's about,
 But finds herself nurse to both palsy and gout.

All day he's a raving with gout's acute pain,
 And will always for something or other complain :
 At night, his strong opiates deprive him of life :
 He's a pretty companion, indeed, for a wife !

But give me my sailor, the pride of my heart,
 Our love will be mutual, we'll each do our part :
 Should I wed Doctor Lotion, this never can be ;
 Who has palsy and gout and is turn'd sixty-three.

RECITATIVE.

Polly. Beside you know you promis'd me and Ben,
 We should be marry'd when he came again.
 I hear the ship's come back, nay more,
 That he's expected every hour on shore.

Moth. Why sure the girl's distracted, past all cure,
 To throw herself away on one so poor.

[*Goes off.*]

Polly. What though he's poor, I know he'll do his
 best,
 And love will give our homely meals a zest.

SONG.

OR, THE TRIPLE WEDDING.

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SONG. POLLY.

When poverty sent my dear Ben to the sea,
He vow'd he'd be constant and love none but me,
He prest my hand gently and sigh'd out adieu;
Tears flow'd from my eyes while I fobb'd I'll be true.

The boat bore him off and the ship sail'd away,
And left me behind for my sailor to pray.
May heav'n in safety the dear youth restore,
I ask not for riches, nor any thing more.

[Goes off.]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Village. Ben and William meeting. Ben in a sailor's dress, William in a smock-frock.*

RECITATIVE.

Will. What! Ben!

Ben. ———— What! Will! my dearest friend.
But this disguise, (*taking hold of the frock.*)
pray what does it portend?

Will. I'll tell you by and by: but what success?

Ben. I cannot tell how much: —so you may guess.
We sailors ne'er have time to count our store:
I've got six hats full, I believe, or more.
Dost want a hatful, speak man, if you do:
I've got enough to serve my Poll and you.

A 3

Will.

Will. I'm much distressed:

Ben. ————— Then I'll go fetch the stuff.
[*Going.*]

Will. Stop: that's not what I want, I've *gold* enough.

SONG. WILLIAM.

Before I knew this rural part,
Each maid alike I lov'd;
Each strove to gain my rambling heart,
And as successful prov'd.
Then could I praise each blooming she,
Admire both brown and fair;
So trifling love then seem'd to be,
It was not worth my care.

But when I blushing Lydia saw
Triumphant tread the green,
I soon was bound by Cupid's law
To hail her beauty's queen.
My thought no longer wanton roves,
'Tis fix'd on her alone.
Ah! would she take a heart that loves,
And join it to her own.

RECITATIVE.

Ben. (*Laughing.*) And so you're caught.

Will. ————— I am, I own it.

Ben. Give me your hand. But, say, does Lydia
know it?

Will.

OR, THE TRIPLE WEDDING. 7

Will. Too well she knows her influence o'er my mind.
 'Tis always "No," but yet I think her kind.
 Since you've been gone, to this estate I came:
 She takes me for a servant on the same.
 I wish to gain her love before I'm known.

Ben. Your scheme is good; and 'tis just like my own.
 Poll thinks I'm poor: Lyd thinks that you're
 the same:
 But come, bear on, and we'll go rouse the
 game.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Scene changes, and discovers Polly and Lydia sitting
on each Side the Cottage-Door, spinning. William
and Ben at a Distance. Lydia sings as follows.*

SONG. LYDIA.

How sweetly William tells his tale,
 And tries my heart to move!
My eyes the secret will reveal;
 My blushes say I love.
But, though my looks so plain declare
 The tumult of my mind,
My forward tongue cries out, "forbear!"
 And words appear unkind.

He

He trembles while he urges love,
 And softly does complain;
 I often do his suit reprove
 To hear him plead again,
 When he is absent, then I vow
 Next time I'll not deny:
 Were the dear youth but present now,
 I think I should comply.

Enter Dorothy, (crying,) from the Doctor's House.

RECITATIVE. *Dorothy.*

Pray, Mistress Polly, tell me, is it true,
 That Doctor Lotion says he'll marry you?
 I'm sure 'tis very wicked if it be,
 For ten years back he always promis'd me,
 And, till he got his will, did all to please.—

Polly. How, Dolly, is it so?

Dorothy. ————— Indeed it is.

SONG. DOROTHY.

He promis'd he'd marry me if I'd consent,
 And as how that I never should live to repent;
 Then swore till I came to his plan;
 Told me I should have silver and gold in my purse:
 But, instead of all this, I've been ten years a nurse
 To this wicked, this wicked, old man.

When

OR, THE TRIPLE WEDDING.

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When he's in a passion, he beats me about
With a cane, and he makes a most terrible rout;
Then I get out of fight if I can;
But must come when he calls,
For the swears and he bawls: —
Indeed he's a wicked old man.

RECITATIVE.

Polly. Well, since 'tis so, I think our scheme must be
To make him marry you instead of me.

Lydia. How will you manage that?

Polly. ————— Oh! very well:
Our size, so much alike, he cannot tell.
Some clothes, the same as mine, Doll shall
put on;
And, as the Doctor will be here anon,
I'll give consent, but say it will conceal
My blushes at that time, and wear a veil.
Doll, wait within till we come back again.

[Exit Dorothy.]

Now we'll go meet my poor but faithful Ben.

*Ben and William come forward; William takes Lydia
and Ben Polly by the Hand, and come forward. —
Ben sings.*

B

SONG.

SONG. BEN.

Behold your faithful failor, Ben,
 No more to leave his love again,
 Returns, dear girl, to you.
 No more my heart for conquest burns,
 But to my charming Polly turns
 With love that's just and true.

When cutting through the curling furge,
 When thund'ring guns the battle urg'd,
 'Twas love dispers'd my fears:
 And soon we let th'insulters know
 How British sailors treat a foe
 That calls them from their dears.

I've spoil enough to deck my girl;
 You shall your fatten sails unfurl:
 To church let's hasten then.
 The parson there our hands shall join,
 And make you, charming Polly, mine,
 To bless your faithful Ben.

RECITATIVE.

Ben. Yes, yes, my girl, I'm rich as any Jew;
 And, were it more, 'tis well bestow'd on you.

Will. But where's this Doctor? for we heard the plan,
 And will assist you in it all we can.

Polly.

OR, THE TRIPLE WEDDING. 11

Polly. That's him : and let us hide ourselves a while,
For, if we're seen, it will the contrivance spoil.

[All go off.]

Enter Doctor Lotion, and Pestle, his Man, from the Doctor's House; the Doctor having some Papers in his Hand; Pestle giving the Doctor his Hat and Cane,

RECITATIVE.

Doctor. Let Harrow's wife have balsam of Peru.

Pestle. But Goody Slop?

Doctor. ————— With her what shall I do?

Oh! give her water-gruel quantum suff.

Pestle. How much, sir?

Doctor. ————— Dam'me, till she has enough.

Pestle. And Farmer Clodpole, doctor, who lives near,
Complains of heart-burns; but indeed I hear,
That in despair he quits his plough and cart,
And love, if any thing, burns in his heart.

Doctor. Ah! Farmer Clodpole is a foolish elf:
Zounds! if I could cure him, I'd cure myself.

But love's so far beyond the doctor's skill,

It never yet was cur'd by purge or pill.

For I, like him, was one time brisk and jolly,
But thus am wasted by my love for Polly.

[Exit into the Cottage.]

Pestle. Your love for Polly is a foolish notion;

Of you, I'm sure, she'd have a sickly potion.

A PILL FOR THE DOCTOR:

And, tho' of Dorothy you've had your will,
I'll match her cunning 'gainst your utmost
skill.

SONG. PESTLE.

Though my master's in search of a lovely young tit,
I'd have him take care that the biter's not bit,
For I know Doll has been with the proctor;
And poor Dorothy's cunning will play him a trick,
For, just like the old gemman, she'll come in the nick,
And will prove a queer pill for the doctor.

To be sure he's expert in cathartics and pills,
Has an antidote nostrum for all human ills,
And has spurn'd at Dame Nature and mockt her;
But Dame Nature his arrogance soon will resent,
And will make Master Lotion most sorely repent,
With a conjugal pill for the Doctor.

But, if Dorothy's scheming should haply succeed,
His madness will make him purge, vomit, and bleed,
The good parson, the clerk, and the proctor;
While th'exciseman, the barber, the blacksmith,
and squire,
The brewer, the baker, the beadle, and crier,
Will all laugh at the pill for the Doctor.

[Exit Pestle.

Re-enter Doctor Lotion and Polly.

SONG.

SONG. DOCTOR LOTION.

Oh ! Poll, I love you more than fee,
Than giving pill or potion ;
Then take my hand, and marry me,
Your own dear Doctor Lotion.

My breast is quite inflam'd, my dear ;
I'm in a strange commotion.
Say but the word, and do not fear
Your constant Doctor Lotion.

My pulse beats high ; do then comply,
And stop this burning motion :
For, if you don't, full soon must die
Your faithful Doctor Lotion.

What pleasure when to church you're led
So much for your promotion !
And, when we both are put to bed,
I'll be your Doctor Lotion.

[*Polly whispers the Doctor.*]

RECITATIVE.

Doctor. A veil !—my charming Polly, I consent.

Polly. Then I comply.

Doctor. ————— And so we're all content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-

Re-enter William, leading Lydia. Ben at a Distance.

A I R. WILLIAM.

Oh! were it possible to tell
 The transport of my heart,
 With pleasure I could ever dwell
 On that delightful part
 Where your sweet voice assail'd my ear,
 And hush'd my fears to rest.
 I heard what banish'd all my care;
 You lov'd, and I was blest.

Polly comes in, and Ben comes forward.

RECITATIVE.

Ben. How goes it on? d'ye think you shall succeed?

Polly. The parson's gone for.

Lydia. ————— Is he so indeed?

Polly. Yes; Doll receives them at the garden-door,
 And brings the Doctor when the wedding's
 o'er.

Enter Mother.

A I R.

Where can my teizing daughters be?
 Where are ye both? Oh me! oh me!

Don't

OR, THE TRIPLE WEDDING.

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Don't ye hear your mother call?

Polly! Lyd!—in vain I bawl.

The spinning-wheel they've quite forgot,

And for poor me care not a jot.

I heard that Ben's return'd from sea,

That daughter Lyd, and Dorothy,

And Polly too, had sweethearts met:

Oh! how these girls do make me fret!

The spinning-wheel they've quite forgot,

And for poor me care not a jot.

RECITATIVE.

Mother. Hey day! what's here? a very fine to do!

Who is that fellow, miss, that stands by you?

[To Lydia.]

Lydia. His name is William, servant to the squire.

Will. My name is Lovell, ma'am, if you'll enquire.

[Here William throws off the frock, and discovers a rich dress.]

Mother. What! our new squire!

Will. ————— Indeed the very same,
And hope my Lydia don't dislike the name.

Dear girl, forgive me; this is my estate; —

I wish'd not to be lov'd for being great.

Ben. Just so with me; for I've got store of gold,
As much as in your apron you can hold.

Mother. Enough, enough; girls, you'll in riches roll.

I wish you joy with all my heart and soul.

Enter

[Enter Doctor leading Doll out of the House.]

Doctor. Pull off your veil, my life, my love, my dear

[Doll pulls it off.]

Why, zounds and damn it ! Doll, how came you here ?

Doll. On these I came ; [shewing her feet ;] I did, upon my life,

And am your most obedient loving wife.

Doctor. Oh ! I could hang, or burn, or drown, myself, To think they've made me such a foolish self.

Polly. Nay, prithee, doctor, do not storm and rage. Doll's the best nurse, and better suits your age.

Will. And, since you can't get loose, forget it all, And spend the day with us at Lovel Hall.

F I N A L E.

Will. Come, come, let's haste to Lovell-Hall ;
The festive board waits for us all.
The parson there his grace shall say,
And this shall be our wedding-day.

Will. No more shall I my Lydia doubt.

Lydia. Nor I afraid of speaking out.

Will. Through life shall time glide smooth away,

Both. And joy crown this, our wedding-day.

Ben. No more I'll cross the raging sea.

Polly. No more, my Ben, I'll part from thee.

Ben.

OR, THE TRIPLE WEDDING. 17

Ben. But, toils forgot, }
Polly. But, fears forgot, } we'll dance and play,

Both. And love shall crown our wedding-day.

Mother. My joy's so great, it draws my tears;
I soon shall lose a mother's fears.
Then, age forgot, I'll sing and play,
And bless my children's wedding-day.

Doctor. Well, Dolly, since you are my wife,
Let's try at least to banish strife.
And with the rest we'll sing, and say,
This also is our wedding-day.

All. Come, come, let's haste to Lovell-Hall;
The festive board shall welcome all.
We'll dance and sing, and laugh and play,
To celebrate this happy day.

A DANCE.

T H E E N D.